

NUTTING'S  
JUVENILE  
CHOIR.

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1921

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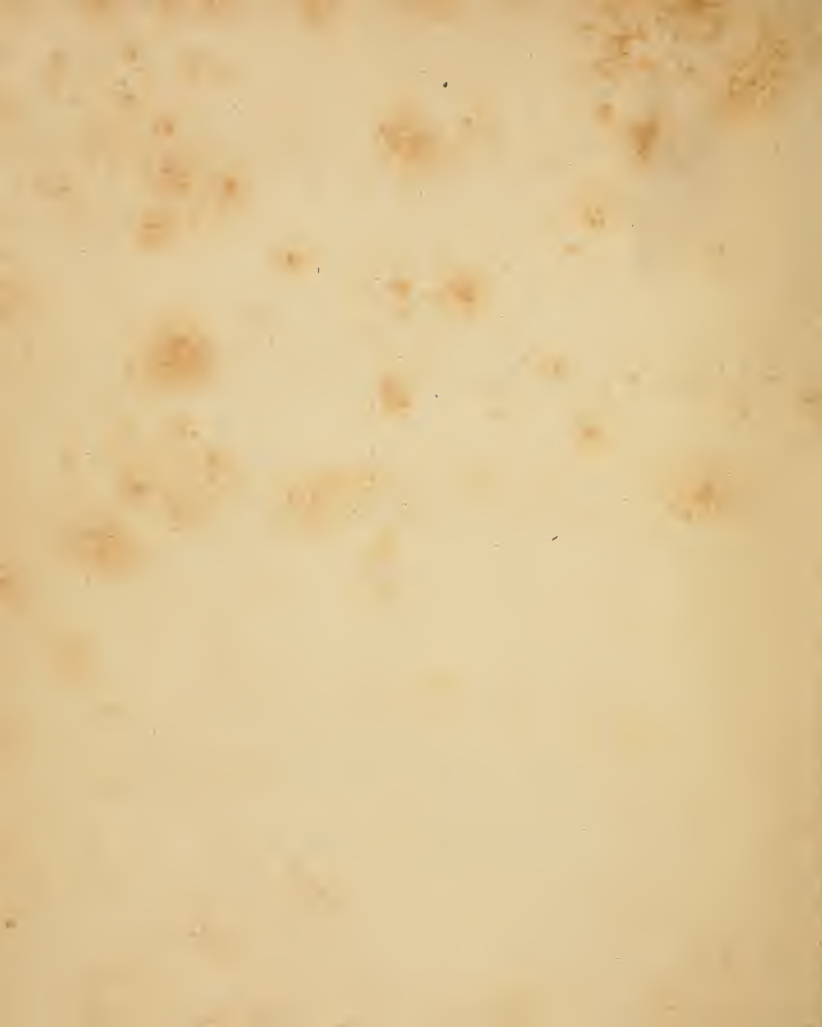
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THE



# JUVENILE CHOIR,

FOR THE USE OF

SABBATH SCHOOLS, BIBLE CLASSES,

AND THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

---

By WILLIAM NUTTING.

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*PHILADELPHIA:*

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH WHETHAM

No. 144 CHESTNUT STREET.

.....

1840.

ENTERED according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1840, by  
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*Sage, pr. 3 La Grange st.*

## P R E F A C E.

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THE object in presenting the following selection of Music to the public, is to furnish Sunday, and other Primary Schools with a collection of Tunes, suitable to be sung on the Sabbath, and other occasion.

It has been the object of the Editor to introduce such Tunes only, as may be learned by the youngest children,—most of which have been before introduced in Schools and Classes with success.

Experience teaches the necessity of having this department of Music simple, and free from those abrupt modulations which almost prohibit a committal to memory. It was thought best to select Hymns of a Sacred character for this little work—as many other valuable books may be found containing a great variety of poetry, upon other subjects of interest to the young.

The introduction of Music in Schools has become so common, that its utility is almost universally acknowledged. In one of our Cities a law has been passed, to have the Children of the common Schools taught Music as a science, the success of which has been quite satisfactory. That Music has a favorable influence upon the mind, most persons will admit; it not only proves a relaxation from other studies—but softens the feelings, and tends to strengthen early associations.

WILLIAM NUTTING.

A few errors in the harmony have been overlooked by the Editor, which claim the indulgence of the scientific.

TO

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

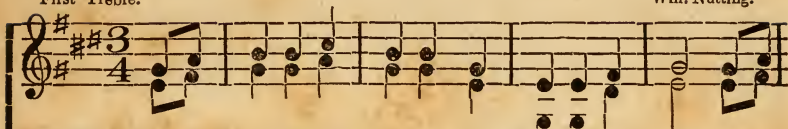


# THE JUVENILE CHOIR.

PRAYER.—Our Father in Heaven.

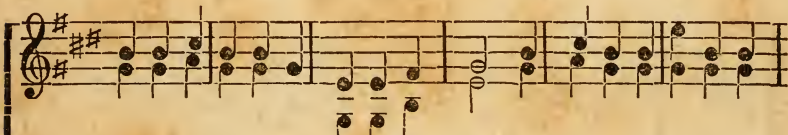
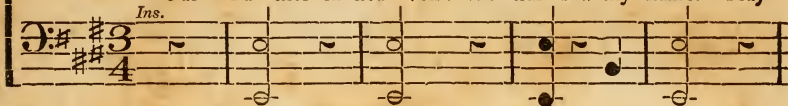
First Treble.

Wm. Nutting.

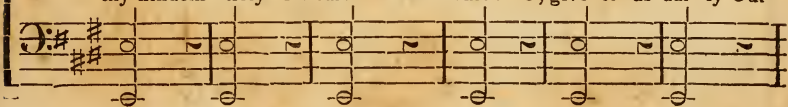


Our Fa - ther in hea - ven! We hal - low thy name! May

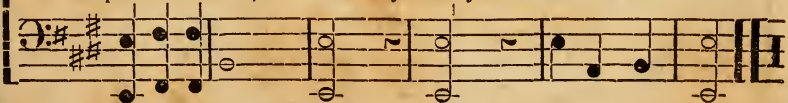
*Ins.*



thy kindom holy On earth be the same! O, give to us dai - ly Our



portion of bread, It is from thy boun-ty That all must be fed.



Forgive our transgressions,  
And teach us to know  
That humble compassion  
That pardons each foe;

Keep us from temptation,  
From weakness and sin,  
For thine be the glory  
Forever—Amen.

The moon and planets, while they run.

First Treble.

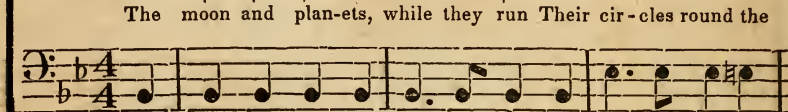
Music by E. L. White.



2d Treble.

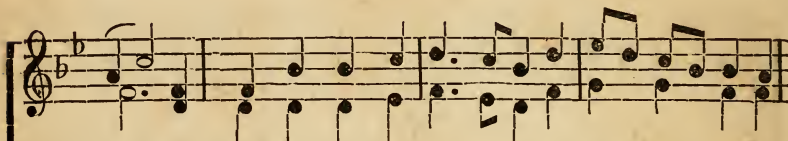
The moon and plan-ets, while they run Their cir-cles round the

The first system of music features a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a five-line staff, with notes and rests corresponding to the lyrics below. The accompaniment is indicated by a second staff labeled '2d Treble'.



night, Re-ceive their lus-tre from the sun, Source of cre - - ated

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, with the same musical notation and lyrics.



light. An - gels and saints on earth, a - - lone, Beau-

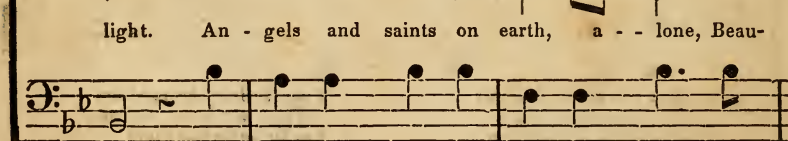
The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment, with the same musical notation and lyrics.



The fourth system of music continues the melody and accompaniment, with the same musical notation and lyrics.



The fifth system of music continues the melody and accompaniment, with the same musical notation and lyrics.



The sixth system of music continues the melody and accompaniment, with the same musical notation and lyrics.

ty and bliss ob - tain, From him that sits up - on the throne, The

Lamb that once was slain.

## 2

O Sun of righteousness, impart  
Thy glorious light divine;  
On every school, in every heart,  
Arise, and ever shine.  
Still may we, Lord, drawn by thy love,  
Our source, attraction, end,  
Round thee, our sun, perpetual move;  
To thee, our centre, tend.

Sister, thou wast mild and lovely.\*

Andante.

Wm. Nutting.

First Treble.

2d Treble.

Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly      Gen - tle as the

sum-mer breeze,      Pleas - ant as the air of even - ing

When it floats a-mong the breeze, Peaceful be thy      silent slum-ber,

*p* Peace - ful in the grave so low, Thou no more wilt

join our num-ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.

## 2

Dearest sister, thou hast left us,  
*Here* thy loss we deeply feel,  
 But 'tis God that hath bereft us,  
 He can all our sorrow heal.  
 Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
 When the day of life is fled,  
 Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,  
 Where no farewell tear is shed.

\* Originally written on the occasion of the death of a young Lady, a member of Mount Vernon School, Boston.



THE SABBATH.—Soon will set the Sabbath sun.

First Treble

Spanish Hymn.

2d Treble

Soon will set the Sab - bath sun, Soon the sa - cred

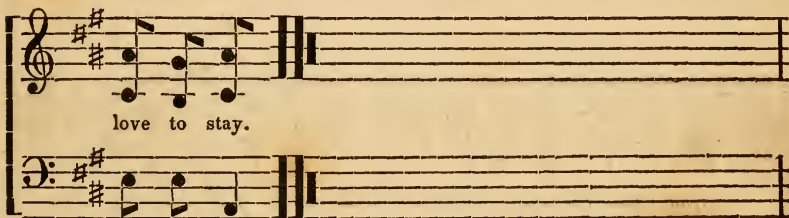
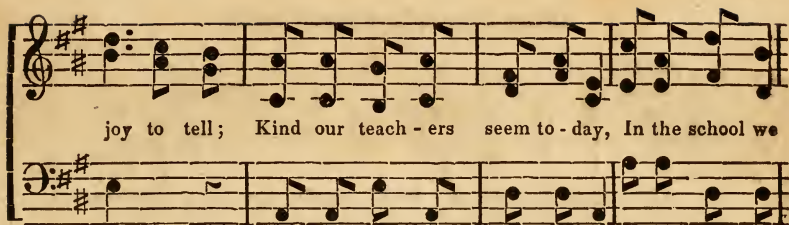
This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is labeled 'First Treble' and the bottom staff is labeled '2d Treble'. Both staves are in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody for the first staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The second staff begins with a quarter note G3, followed by eighth notes F3, E3, and D3. The lyrics 'Soon will set the Sab - bath sun, Soon the sa - cred' are written below the staves.

day be gone; But a sweet - er rest remains, Where a glorious

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff continues the melody from the first system, starting with a quarter note D4. The bottom staff continues the bass line, starting with a quarter note C3. The lyrics 'day be gone; But a sweet - er rest remains, Where a glorious' are written below the staves.

Saviour reigns. Plea - sant is the Sabbath bell, Seeming much of

This system contains the final two staves of music. The top staff continues the melody, starting with a quarter note E4. The bottom staff continues the bass line, starting with a quarter note B2. The lyrics 'Saviour reigns. Plea - sant is the Sabbath bell, Seeming much of' are written below the staves.



## 3

But a music, sweeter far,  
Breathes where angel-spirits are;  
Higher far than earthly strains,  
Where the rest of God remains.

## 4

Yes:—that rest our own may be,  
All the good shall Jesus see;  
For the good a rest remains,  
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

All hail the power of Jesus' name.

Slow

From Whitaker.

First Treble.

2d Treble.

All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.

2

4

Ye chosen seeds of Israel's race,

A remnant weak and small!

Hail Him who saves you by his grace. Now join with all the hosts above,

And crown him Lord of all.

Teachers, who surely know his love

Who feel your sin and thrall,

Now join with all the hosts above,

And crown him Lord of all.

3

5

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget

The wormwood and the gall;

Go, spread your trophies at his feet,

And crown him Lord of all.

May we with heaven's rejoicing throng

Before his presence fall,

Join in the everlasting song,

And crown him Lord of all!



## Ten thousand different flowers.

Allegro.

Wm. Nutting.

First Treble.

Ten thou - sand dif - fer - ent flowers To the sweet offerings bear ; And

cheer - - ful birds in shady bow - - ers, Sing forth thy ten - der care.

2

The fields on every side,  
The trees on every hill ;  
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,  
Proclaim thy wonders still.

3

But trees, and fields, and skies,  
Still praise a God unknown ;  
For gratitude and love can rise  
From living hearts alone.

4

These living hearts of ours  
Thy holy name would bless ;  
The blossom of ten thousand flowers  
Would please the Saviour less.

5

While earth itself decays,  
Our souls can never die ;  
O tune them all to sing thy praise  
In better songs on high.

When shall we meet again.

Andante.

Wm. Nutting.

First Treble.

First Treble. 3/4 time signature, key of D major. The melody begins with a quarter note D, followed by a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, and a half note G. The next measure contains a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. The final measure consists of a quarter note D, a quarter note E, and a half note F#.

2d Treble.

When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er?

2d Treble. 3/4 time signature, key of D major. The melody begins with a quarter note D, followed by a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, and a half note G. The next measure contains a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. The final measure consists of a quarter note D, a quarter note E, and a half note F#.

First Treble. 3/4 time signature, key of D major. The melody begins with a quarter note D, followed by a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, and a half note G. The next measure contains a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. The final measure consists of a quarter note D, a quarter note E, and a half note F#.

When will peace wreath her chain Round us for

2d Treble. 3/4 time signature, key of D major. The melody begins with a quarter note D, followed by a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, and a half note G. The next measure contains a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. The final measure consists of a quarter note D, a quarter note E, and a half note F#.

First Treble. 3/4 time signature, key of D major. The melody begins with a quarter note D, followed by a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, and a half note G. The next measure contains a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. The final measure consists of a quarter note D, a quarter note E, and a half note F#.

ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose,

2d Treble. 3/4 time signature, key of D major. The melody begins with a quarter note D, followed by a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, and a half note G. The next measure contains a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. The final measure consists of a quarter note D, a quarter note E, and a half note F#.

Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes,

Nev - er no, nev - er.

2

When shall love freely flow  
 Pure as life's river?  
 When shall sweet friendship glow,  
 Changeless forever?  
 Where joys celestial thrill,  
 Where bliss each heart shall fill,  
 And fears of parting chill,  
 Never, no, never.

3

There shall we meet again,  
 Meet ne'er to sever,  
 And peace will wreath her chain  
 Round us for ever;  
 Where kindred hearts repose,  
 Freed from all worldly woes,  
 And songs of joy shall close,  
 Never, no, never.

My God the spring of all my joys.

First Treble.

W. Staunton.

My God the spring of all my joys, The life of my de -

The opening leaves around me Shine with beams of sacred

lights The glory of my bright - est days, And

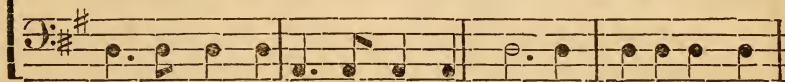
bliss, When Jesus shows his heart is mine, and

com - - fort of my nights. In dark - est shades if

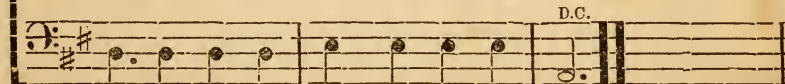
whis - pers I am his.



he appear. My dawning is be . gun. He is my souls bright



mor ning star, And he my ri . sing sun.



Hear ye not a voice from heaven.

Moderate.

Arranged from Neukomma.

First Treble.

1. Hear ye not a voice from heaven, To the listen . ing

2d Treble.

spirit given; Children come! it seems to say, Give your hearts to

me to day. 2. Sweet as is a mother's love, Tender as the



heavenly Dove, Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms. Thus it wins us

to his arms.

- 3 Lord, we will remember thee,  
While from pains and sorrows free;  
While our day is in its dew,  
And the clouds of life are few.
- 4 Then, when night and age appear,  
Thou wilt cease each doubt and fear;  
Thou our glorious leader be,  
When the stars shall fade and flee.
- 5 Now to thee, O Lord! we come,  
In our morning's early bloom;  
Breathe on us thy grace divine;  
Touch our hearts, and make them thine!

## MORNING HYMN.—Awake! my heart, awake!

Expressivo.

First Treble.

Second Treble.

Awake! my heart, a - wake! Thy gracious God to praise; Who

condescends such care to take, And lengthens out my days.

2

While some have passed the night  
 In restlessness and pain;  
 I rise in health to see the light,  
 And seek the Lord again.

3

This day will many die!  
 This hour what numbers go!  
 What if my soul be called to fly,  
 And I that change should know!

4

Lord, come and be my guide  
 Through this uncertain space;  
 Keep me for ever near thy side,  
 And grant a child thy grace.



Many voices seem to say.

First Treble.

From Von Weber.

2d Treble.

Ma - ny voi - ces seem to say, Hi ther, children here's the

way ; haste a long, and no - thing fear Every pleasant thing is here !

2

4

Yes—but whither would you lead ?  
 It is happiness indeed ?  
 Or a little shining show,  
 Leading down to death and wo ?

We were made to love and fear  
 That great God who placed us here ;  
 Made to study and fulfil  
 All his good and holy will.

3

5

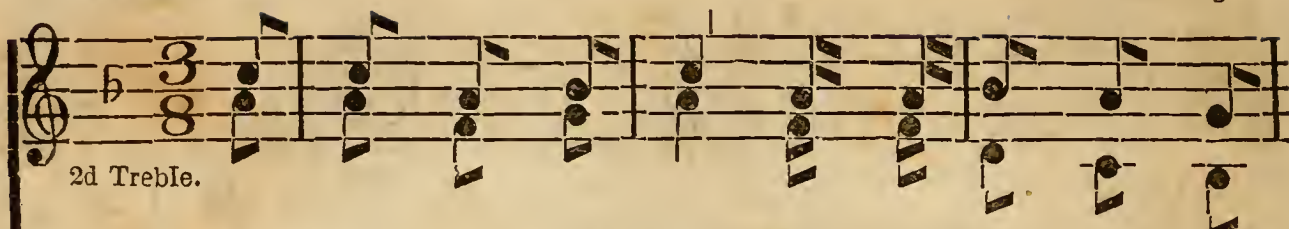
We were made for better things ;  
 High as heaven our nature springs ;  
 Like the lark that upward flies,  
 We were made to seek the skies.

We were made to work awhile,  
 Cheerful at our work to smile ;  
 Thinking as we labour thus,  
 Of the heaven prepared for us.

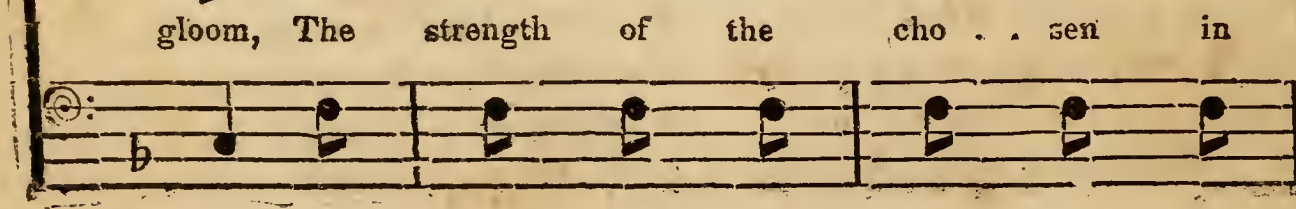
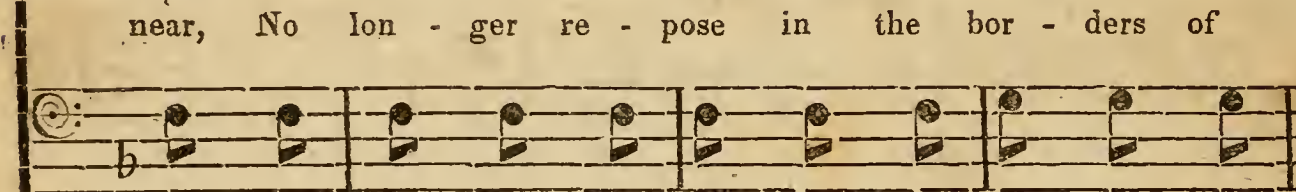
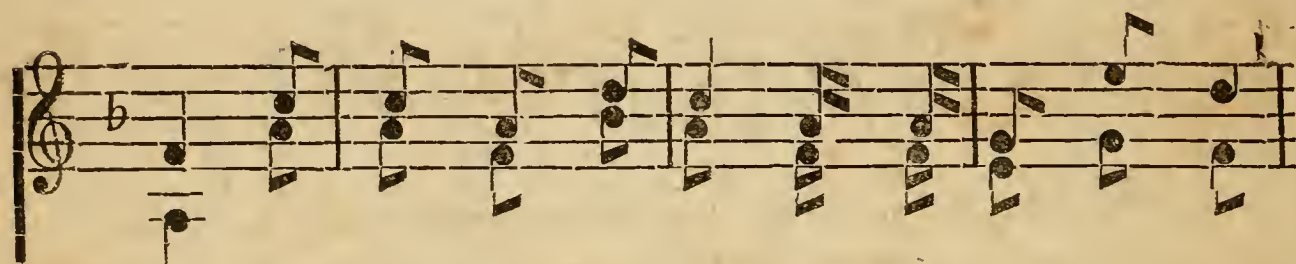
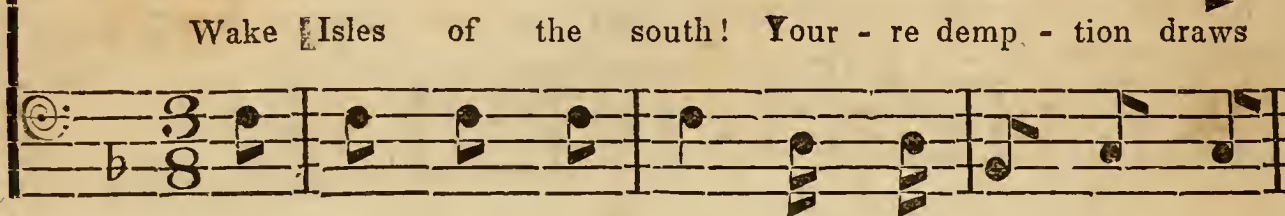
## Wake, Isles of the South.

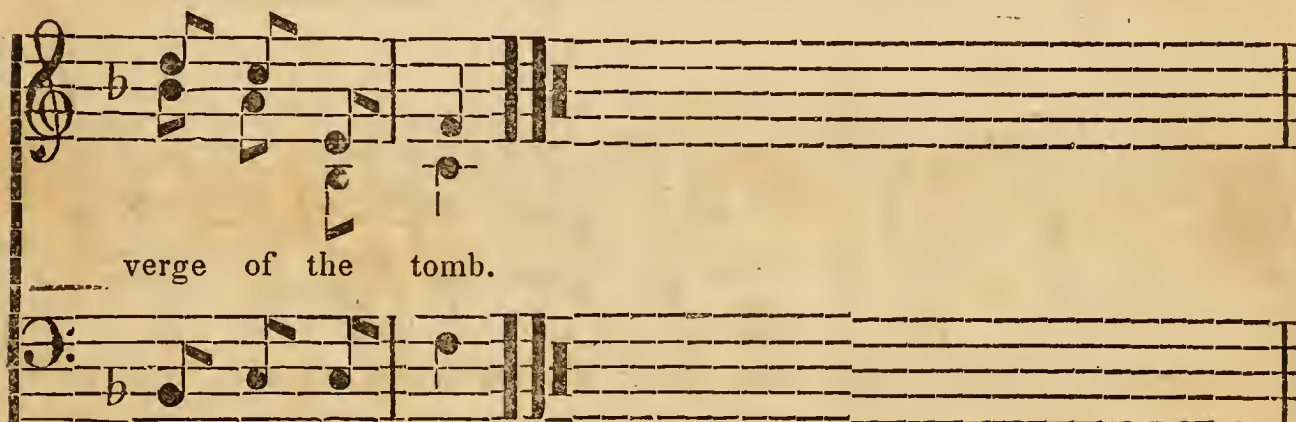
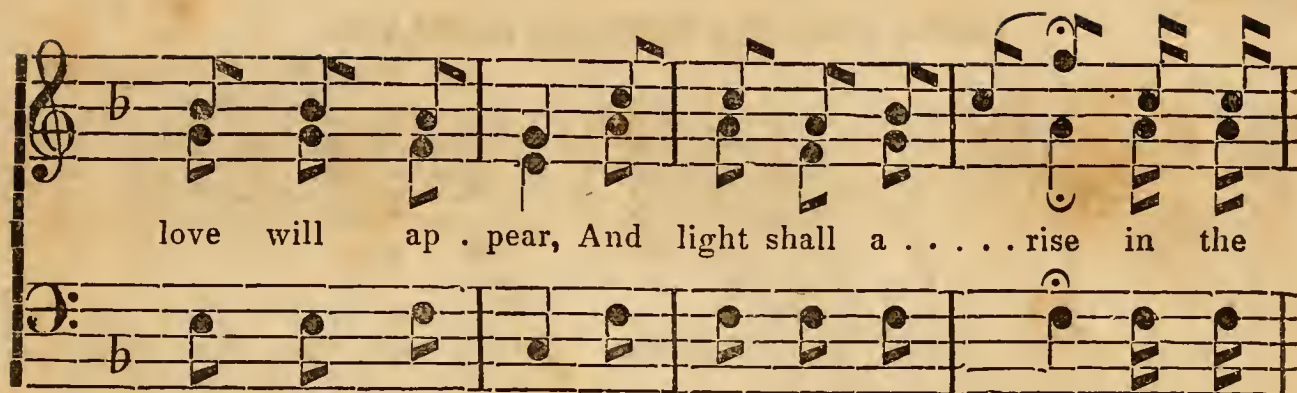
First Treble.

Wm. Nutting.



2d Treble.





## 2

The billows that girt you, the wild waves that roar,  
 The Zephyrs that play when the ocean storms cease,  
 Shall waft the rich freight to your desolate shore,  
 Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace.

## 3

The altar and idol, in dust overthrown;  
 The incense forbade that was hallowed with blood;  
 The Priest of Melchisedec there shall atone,  
 And the shines of Atooi be sacred to God.





youth ful breast beats high; Come and at life's foun tain kneel ing, Taste the

wave and nev - er die.

- 2 Days may come when dim and dreary,  
 Life may be a path of pain;  
 When benighted worn and weary,  
 Thou mayst seek for joy in vain.  
 When the dreams of bliss that win thee,  
 With their smiles will all be o'er;  
 And the mortal hopes within thee,  
 Give thee light and peace no more.
- 3 Then before one ray is shaded,  
 Which now cheers thy joyous way;  
 Ere thy youthful bloom be faded,  
 Or one early hope decay.  
 Ere the storms of grief assail thee,  
 Bursting wildly o'er thy head;  
 Seek the hope that cannot fail thee,  
 When all other hopes are fled.

## THE STAR OF THE EAST.

First Treble.

2d Treble.

The first system of music features two staves. The top staff is for the First Treble, and the bottom staff is for the 2d Treble. Both staves are in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody in the First Treble staff begins with a quarter note G, followed by a dotted quarter note A, and continues with eighth and quarter notes. The 2d Treble staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with a similar rhythmic pattern.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our

Ins.

The instrumental part is written on a single staff in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of a series of half notes and quarter notes, providing a simple harmonic accompaniment for the vocal parts.

darkness and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a -

The second system of music continues the vocal parts. The First Treble staff has a melody that rises and falls, while the 2d Treble staff provides a steady accompaniment. The instrumental part continues with half notes.

The instrumental part continues with half notes, providing a steady accompaniment for the vocal parts.

dorn-ing, Guide where our infant Re - deem - er is laid! Cold on his

The third system of music continues the vocal parts. The First Treble staff has a melody that rises and falls, while the 2d Treble staff provides a steady accompaniment. The instrumental part continues with half notes.

The instrumental part continues with half notes, providing a steady accompaniment for the vocal parts.

cra - dle the dew drops are shining; Low lies his bed with the

beasts of the stall, An - gels a - dore him in slum-ber re - clin-ing

Maker, and Monarch, and Sa-viour of all.

## MISSIONARY HYMN.

Allegro Moderato.

Wm. Nutting.

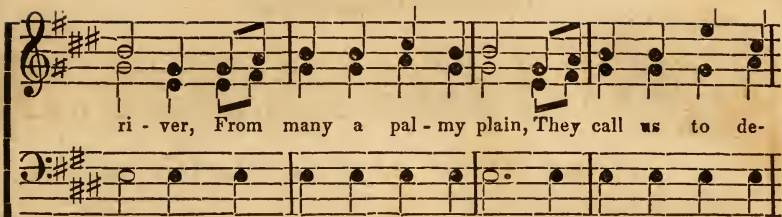
2d Treble.

From greenland's icy mountains, From In - dia's co - ral

strand, Where Af - ric's sun - - ny foun - - tains, Roll

down their gol - - den sand; From many an an - cient





2 What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile?—  
 In vain, with lavish kindness,  
 The gifts of God are strown ;  
 The heathen in his blindness,  
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted  
 By wisdom from on high—  
 Shall we to man benighted  
 The lamp of life deny ?—  
 Salvation ! oh, salvation !  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft—waft, ye winds, his story ;  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole ;  
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 Returns in bliss to reign.

I love to see the glowing sun.

Andante.

First Treble.

2d Treble.

I love to see the glowing sun, Light up the deep blue sky,

Along the plea-sant fields to run, And hear the brook flow by.

- 2 How fresh and green the trees appear;  
What blooming flowers I find!  
Oh, surely God has sent them here  
To tell us he is kind.
- 3 The beasts that on the herbage feed  
Thank him in different ways;  
And little birds upon the boughs  
Sing sweetly to his praise.
- 4 Shall I alone forget to thank  
The God who made us all?  
O no, I'll humbly kneel to him,  
And on my Maker call.
- 5 Though I am but a little child,  
Yet I to God belong;  
His works declare him good and mild,  
And he will hear my song.

Humble praises, holy Jesus.

Slow

Newman.

First Treble.

2d Treble.

Humble praises ho - - ly Jesus Infant voices raise to thee;

In thy arms, O Lord, receive us, Suf - fer us thy Lambs to be.

2

Blessed Saviour! thou hast bidden  
 Babes like us to come to thee;  
 Once by thy disciples chidden,  
 Thou didst bless such ones as we.

3

Thanks to thee, who freely gave us  
 Thy exalted Son to die;  
 From eternal death to save us;  
 Glory be to God on high!

When I look up to yonder sky.

Allegro. First Treble.

2d Treble.

When I look up to yon - der sky, So pure so bright, so won-drous

high, I think of one I cannot see, But one who sees and cares for me.

- 2 When every eye around me sleeps,  
May I not sin without control?  
No; for a constant watch he keeps,  
On every thought of every soul.
- 3 If I could find some cave unknown,  
Where human feet had never trod,  
Yet there I could not be alone,  
On every side there would be God.
- 4 He smiles in heaven, he frowns in hell,  
He fills the earth, the air, the sea;  
I must within his presence dwell,  
I cannot from his anger flee.
- 5 Yet I may flee; he shows me where:  
To Jesus Christ he bids me fly;  
And while I seek for pardon there,  
There's only mercy in his eye.

## The Lilies of the field.

Andantino,

2d Treble.

The li lies of the field, That quickly fade a - way. May

The musical score is written for a two-part setting. The top part is in 2d Treble clef, and the bottom part is in Bass clef. Both parts are in the key of B-flat major (one flat) and 6/8 time. The tempo is marked 'Andantino'. The lyrics are: 'The li lies of the field, That quickly fade a - way. May'.

well to us a les - son yield, For we are frail as they.

The musical score continues from the previous system. The top part is in 2d Treble clef, and the bottom part is in Bass clef. Both parts are in the key of B-flat major (one flat) and 6/8 time. The lyrics are: 'well to us a les - son yield, For we are frail as they.'.

- 2 Just like an early rose,  
I've seen an infant bloom:  
But death, perhaps, before it blows,  
Will lay it in the tomb,
- 3 Then let us think on death,  
Though we are young and gay;  
For God, who gave our life and breath,  
Can take them both away.
- 3 To God, who made them all,  
Let children humbly cry;  
And then, whenever death may call,  
They'll be prepared to die.



How happy is the child.

Expressivo. J. Dutton.

First Treble.

2d Treble.

How happy is the child who hears In - struction's warning voice ; And

who ce-les-tial wisdom makes His ear - - - ly, on - ly choice.

- 2 For she has treasures greater far  
Than east or west unfold ;  
And her rewards more precious are  
Than all their stores of gold.
- 3 She guides the young with innocence  
In pleasure's path to tread ;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the aged head.
- 4 According as her labours rise,  
So her rewards increase ;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

There is a glorious world of light.

First Treble

Arranged from Romberg.

2d Treble.

There is a glorious world of light A bove the starry sky, Where

saints de - parted clothed in white, A - dore - - the Lord most high.

- 2 And hark! amid the sacred songs  
 Those heavenly voices raise,  
 Ten thousand, thousand infant tongues  
 Unite and sing his praise.
- 3 These are the hymns that we shall know  
 If Jesus we obey;  
 That is the place where we shall go,  
 If found in wisdom's way.

'Thou sweet gliding kedron.

1st Treble.

2d Treble.

Thou sweet gliding kedron, By thy silver stream, Our Saviour would

*mf.*

linger in moonlights soft beams And by thy bright waters, till

midnight would stay, And lose in thy murmurs, the tools of the day.



The Heavens declare thy Glory, Lord.

First Treble.

Arranged from WEBBE.

2d Treble.

The heavens de-clare thy glory, Lord, In every star thy wisdom shines;

But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines.

- 2 The rolling sun the changing light,  
And nights and days thy power confess;  
But the blest volume thou hast writ  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars proclaim thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand,  
So when thy truth began its race,  
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest  
Till through the world thy truth shall run;  
Till Christ hath all the nations blest,  
That see the light, or feel the sun.

"O who shall see that glorious day.

First Treble.

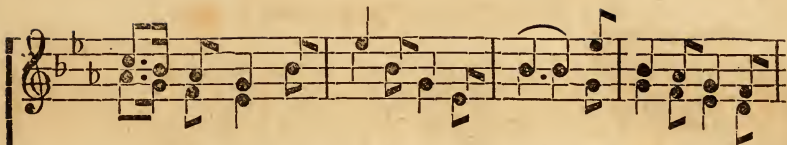
Music, Guardini.

2d Treble.

But who shall see that glo rious day, When thron'd on Zi - on's

brow, The Lord shall rend the veil a - way Which

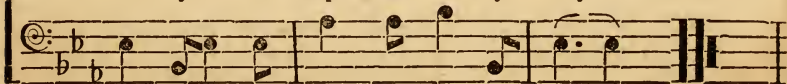
hides the na - tions now: When earth no more be-



neath the fear Of his re-buke shall lie ; And pain shall cease, and



ev' - ry tear Be wip'd from ev' - ry eye?



## 2

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn  
 Beneath the heathen's chain ;  
 Thy days of splendor shall return,  
 And all be new again.  
 The fount of life shall then be quaff'd  
 In peace by all who come ;  
 And ev'ry gale that blows shall waft  
 Some long lost exile home.

Fading, still fading, the Vesper beam is shining.

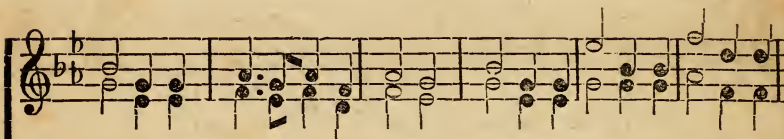
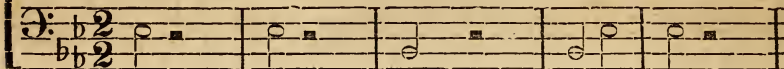
AN EVENING HYMN.

A PORTUGUESE AIR.

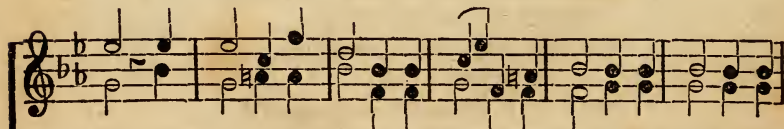
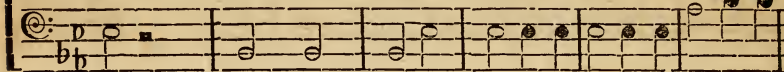
First Treble. Duett.



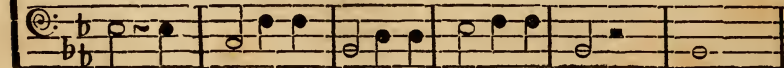
Fading, still fading, the ves-per beam is shining, Father in



heaven, the day is fast de-clin-ing; Safe-ty and innocence fly with the



light, Tempt - a-tion and danger walk forth in the night. From the fall of the



shade till the morning bells chime, Shield us from danger and save us from crime

Tutti

Fa-ther have mercy, Father have mercy, Father have mercy, our Lord.  
through Jesus Christ

## 2

Father in Heaven whose love to day hath spar'd us,  
 Through the dark hours of the night securely guard us ;  
 Feeble and fainting we trust in thy might,  
 In doubting and darkness thy love still is light.  
 Let us sleep on thy breast while the watch taper burns,  
 Wake in thine arms when the morning returns ;  
 Father have mercy, Father have mercy,  
 Father have mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

All the week we spend.

First Treble.

Arranged from T. B. WHITE.

First Treble. Musical score for the first system of the song. The treble clef is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are: All the week we spend Full of chil - - dish. Below the treble staff is a bass staff with a few notes and rests, labeled 'Ins.'.

All the week we spend Full of chil - - dish

Ins.

Second system of the musical score. The treble staff continues the melody with lyrics: bliss, Eve - - - ry chang - ing scene Brings its. The bass staff continues with a few notes and rests.

bliss, Eve - - - ry chang - ing scene Brings its

Third system of the musical score. The treble staff continues the melody with lyrics: hap - - pi - - ness; Yet our joys would not. The bass staff continues with a few notes and rests.

hap - - pi - - ness; Yet our joys would not



be full, Had we not the Sab-

bath - - - school.

## 2

Lovely is the dawn  
 Of each rising day,  
 Loveliest the morn  
 Of the Sabbath-day ;  
 Then our infant thoughts are full  
 Of the precious Sabbath-school !

## 3

To our happy ears  
 Blessed news is brought,  
 Tidings of the work  
 Love divine has wrought ;  
 Gracious news and merciful ;  
 How we love the Sabbath-school !

Awake! my soul, in joyful lays.

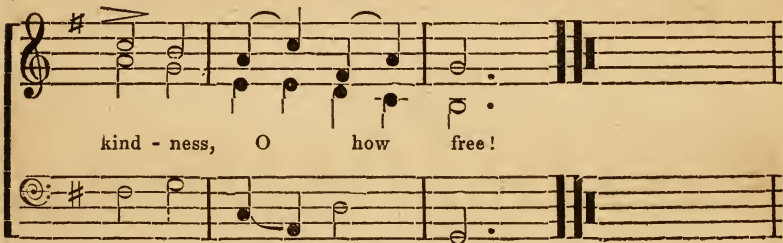
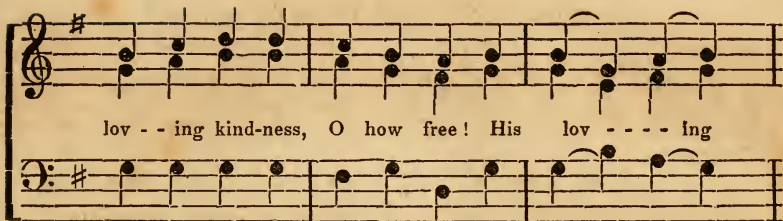
First Treble

Arranged from WHITAKER.

A - - wake, my soul, in joy - - ful

lays, And sing thy great Re - - deem-

ers' praise; He just - ly claims a song from thee, His'



2

4

He saw me ruined in the fall  
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all,  
 He saved me from my lost estate,—  
 His loving kindness, O how great!

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
 Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,  
 He near my soul has always stood,—  
 His loving kindness, O how good!

3

5

Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
 Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,  
 He safely leads my soul along,—  
 His loving kindness, O how strong!

Often I feel my sinful heart  
 Prone from my Saviour to depart;  
 But though I oft have him forgot,  
 His loving kindness changes not.

6

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
 O! may my last expiring breath  
 His loving kindness sing in death.

Daughter of Zion awake from thy sadness.\*

1st Treble.

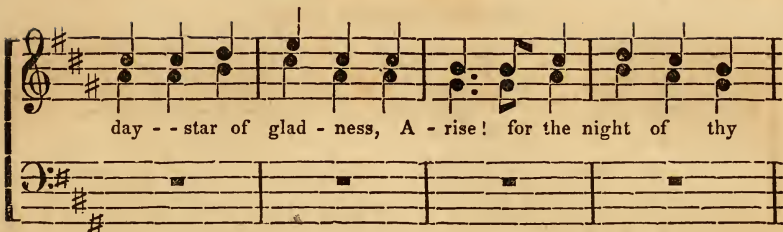
2d Treble.

Daugh - ter of Zi - - on a - - - wake from thy

sad - ness, A - - wake for thy foes shall op - - press thee no

**Fine Mez. Pia.**

more, Bright o'er the hills dawns the



day - - star of glad - ness, A - rise! for the night of thy



**Da Capo.**

sor - - rows is o'er.

## 2

Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,  
 And scattered their legions was mightier far,  
 They fled like chaff from the scourge that pursued them,  
 How vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

## 3

Daughter of Zion the pow'r that hath saved thee,  
 Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be,  
 Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,  
 Th'oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

\* Sing after each verse "Daughter of Zion, &c." to Fine.

Come Children! come.

Come children! come, Each leave its happy home, And to the courts of  
God repair, The bright a-bode we love is there. Come Children! come.

- 2 Come Children! come,  
Nor let your footsteps roam  
With those who love not Heavenly ways;  
The voice of prayer, the song of praise.  
Come Children! come.
- 3 Haste Children! haste,  
The ready banquet taste,  
A Father's hand, the board hath spread,  
And by his bounty ye are fed.  
Haste Children! haste.
- 4 Come Children! come,  
For each and all there's room,  
And He to whom the ravens cry,  
Will guard and bless your infancy.  
Come Children! come.



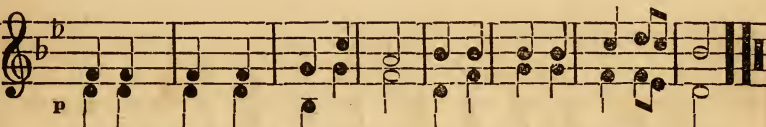
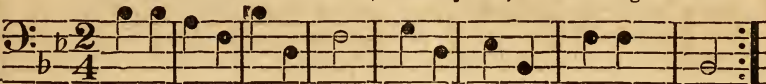
## Rock of ages! cleft for me.

First Treble.

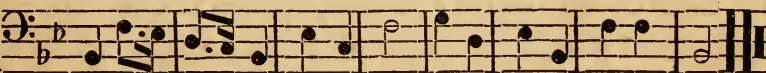


2d Treble.

Rock of a - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - - self in thee ;  
 Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side, a heal - ing flood.



Be of sin the dou-ble cure, 'Save from wrath, and make me pure.



2 Should my tears for ever flow,  
 Should my zeal no language know,  
 This for sin could not atone,  
 Thou must save, and thou alone ;  
 In my hand no price I bring,  
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When mine eye-lids close in death,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown,  
 And behold thee on thy throne,—  
 Rock of ages! cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee !

On Zion and on Lebanon.

First Treble.

2d Treble.

On Zi - on, and on Le - ba - non, On Car - mel's bloom-ing

height, On Sha - ron's fer - tile plains, once shone The glo - - ry

pure and bright; From thence its mild and cheer - ing ray Stream'd

*mf*  
Un's

forth from land to land; And em - pires now be - - hold a

day, And still its beams ex . pand.

2

3

Its brightest splendours, darting west,	Thou, who didst lighten Zion's hill,
Our happy shores illumine;	On Carmel who didst shine,
Our farther regions, once unblest,	Our deserts let thy glory fill,
Now like a garden bloom:	Thy excellence divine!
But ah! our deserts deep and wild	Like Lebanon, in tow'ring pride,
See not this heavenly light;	May all our forests smile;
No sacred beams, no radiance mild,	And may our borders blossom wide,
Dispel their dreary night.	Like Sharon's fruitful soil!

As, when the weary trav'ler gains.

First Treble.

MITCHEL.

As when the weary trav'ler gains, The height of some commanding

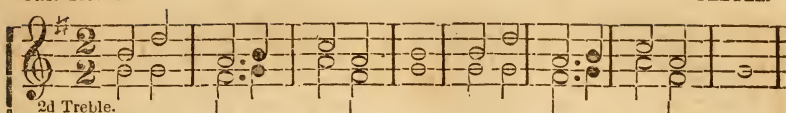
hill, His heart revives, if o'er the plains He sees his home, tho' distant still.

- 2 So, when the Christian pilgrim views  
By faith his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 The hope of heaven his spirit cheers ;  
No more he grieves for sorrows past ;  
Nor any future conflict fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 4 O Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,  
To lead us on to thine abode ;  
Assur'd thy love will far o'erpay  
The hardest labours of the road.

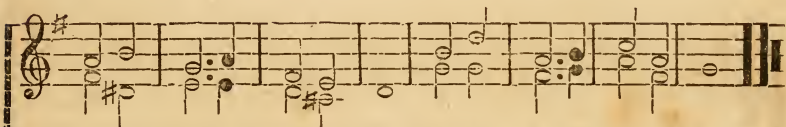
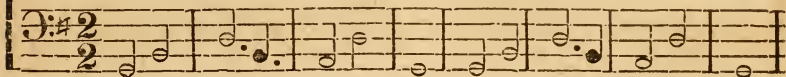
Now the shades of Night are gone.

First Treble.

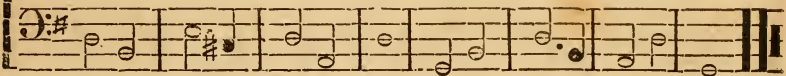
PLEYEL.



Now the shades of night are gone ; Now the morning light is come ;



Lord, may we be thine to - day, Drive the shades of sin a - - way.



2

3

Fill our souls with heavenly light,  
Banish doubt and clear our sight;  
In thy service, Lord, to-day,  
May we labour, watch and pray.

Keep our haughty passions bound;  
Save us from our foes around;  
Going out and coming in  
Keep us safe from ev'ry sin.

4

When our work of life is past,  
O receive us then at last;  
Night and sin will be no more,  
When we reach the heavenly shore.



Come ye disconsolate, where'er you languish.

SOLO.

WEBBE.

Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where'er you lan - guish, Come at the

shrine of God, fer - vent - ly kneel, Here bring your wounded hearts,

here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot



## TRIO.

heal. Here bring your wounded hearts, Here tell your an-guish ;

Earth has no sor-row that heaven cannot heal.

The musical score is written for a Trio, consisting of two staves (treble and bass) and a single melodic line. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "heal. Here bring your wounded hearts, Here tell your an-guish ;" and "Earth has no sor-row that heaven cannot heal." The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

## 2

Joy of the comfortles, light of the straying,  
 Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure.  
 Here speaks the Comforter in God's name saying,  
 "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

Saviour! who thy flock are feeding.

1st Treble.

Arranged from Pleyel.

2d Treble.

Sa - viour! who thy flock art feeding, With the shepherd's

There we know—thy word be - lieving—Only there se-

Fine.

pru - dent care,

Fine.

All the fee - ble gent - ly

cure from harm.

leading, While the lambs thy bosom share;

Now these lit - - tle ones re - ceiv - ing, Fold them

in thy gra - - cious arms. D. C. p. C.

## 2

Never from thy pasture roving,  
 Let *them* be the lion's prey;  
 Let thy tenderness, so loving,  
 Keep *them* all life's dangerous way;  
 Then within thy fold eternal,  
 Let *them* find a resting place;  
 Feed in pastures ever verdant,  
 Drink the rivers of thy grace,

The day is past and gone.

READ.

1st Treble.

2d Treble.

The day is past and gone; The ev'ning shades ap - - pear; O

may we all re - member well The night of death draws near.

2

We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest;  
So death shall soon disrobe us all  
Of what is here possest.

3

Lord, keep us safe this night  
Secure from all our fears;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
'Till morning light appears.

Blest is the tie that binds.

1st Treble.

2d Treble.

Blest is the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love: The

fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

2

4

Before our Father's throne

We pour united prayers ;

Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one

Our comforts and our cares.

3

When we at death must part,

How keen, how deep the pain !

But we shall still be join'd in heart,

And hope to meet again.

5

We share our mutual woes,

Our mutual burdens bear ;

And often for each other flows

The sympathising tear.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,

And sin we shall be free ;

And perfect love and friendship reign

Throughout eternity.

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.

1st Treble.

2d Treble.

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies, Accepted at thy

throne, let this, My hum - ble pray - - - er a - - - rise—

- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
 From every murmur free;  
 The blessing of thy grace impart,  
 And make me live to thee:

- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
 My life and death attend,  
 Thy presence through my journey shine,  
 And crown my journey's end.



Slow.

See the light is fading.

First Treble.

2d Treble.

See the light is fa-ding, From the western sky; Day thou art de-

parting Night is draw - - ing nigh.

2

3

Evening winds are breathing  
Through the forest green,  
Crimson clouds are wreathing  
In the sky serene.

See the stars appearing  
All around so bright,  
Emblems ever cheering  
Of eternal light.

Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

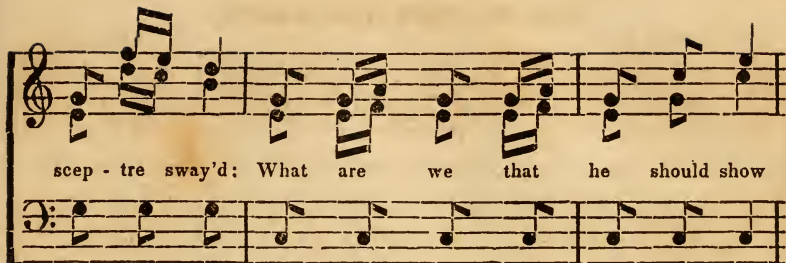
1st Treble.

2d Treble.

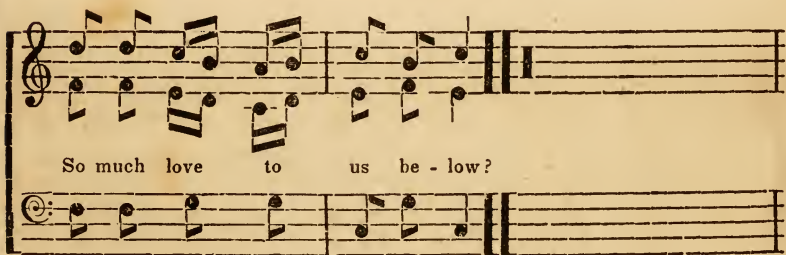
Sing my soul his wondrous love, Who, from yon bright throne above,

E - ver watch - ful o'er our race, Still to man ex-tends his grace,

Heaven and earth by him were made, All is by his



scep - tre sway'd; What are we that he should show



So much love to us be - low?

## 2

God the merciful and good,  
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;  
And, to make our safety sure,  
Guides us by his Spirit pure.  
Sing, my soul, adore his name;  
Let his glory be thy theme:  
Praise him till he calls thee home,  
Trust his love for all to come.

Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing.

First Treble. Solo.

A Russian Air.

Hark! the ves - per hymn is steal - ing O'er the waters soft and

Inst

Sol.

clear; Near - er yet and near - er peal - ing, Now it bursts up - on the

Ju - - - bi - - - la - - - te, A - - men, A - -

ear. Ju - bi - - la - te, Ju - bi - - la - te, Ju - bi - - la - te,

men.

1st time, *Pia.* 21. P. P.

A - - - men. Far - ther now, now far - ther steal - ing, Soft it

A - - - men. Ju - - - bi - - - la - - - - - te; A -

Repeat the Chorus.

fa - des up - - on the ear.

men, A - - - - - men,

- 2 "Now like vernal breezes waking,  
 Rippling o'er the wave its floats;  
 Now again in chorus breaking,  
 Wildly swell its mingling notes.  
 Jubilate, Jubilate, Jubilate, Amen.  
 Hark! again, like Zephyr's waking,  
 Whisp'ring o'er the wave it floats.

- 3 Now as moonlight waves retreating,  
 To the shore it dies along;  
 Now like angry surges meeting,  
 Breaks the mingled tide of song.  
 Jubilate, Jubilate, Jubilate, Amen.  
 Hush! once more like waves retreating,  
 To the shore it dies along.

## Array'd in robes of morning.

Andante. First Treble.

Ar - - ray'd in robes of mor-ning, His dai-ly course to run, 'The

world with light a - - - do:n-ing, Be - hold the ri-sing sun.

2

O welcome glorious image  
Of Justice reconciled;  
So great and so majestic,  
But yet so soft and mild.

3

With grateful hearts and voices  
We hail thy kindly rays;  
All nature now rejoices,  
And sings aloud thy praise.

4

O shed thy radiance o'er us,  
And cheer each youthful mind;  
Like thee our Lord is glorious,  
Like thee our God is kind.



O Lord! while angels praise thee.

Allegro. First Treble.

O Lord! while angels praise thee, And all cre - a - tion

sings, To thee al-migh-ty spir - it! My soul its tri-bute brings.

2

4

The morning stars all praise thee;  
The heavenly host on high.  
The beams of early dawning,  
And purple evening sky.

With pleasure thou dost listen,  
To hear an infant sing,  
Thou wilt accept the praises  
That little children bring.

3

5

The fragrant springing-flowers,  
And summer's glowing rays,  
The golden fruits of autumn,  
And winters frozen days.

To thee I give my being,  
I consecrate my days;  
And every day my duty  
Shall be to sing thy praise.

Guide me O thy great Jehovah.

1st Treble.

2d Treble.

Guide me, O thou Great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim through this barren land.

The first system of the musical score is for the first two staves. The top staff is labeled '1st Treble.' and the bottom staff is labeled '2d Treble.' Both staves are in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody for the first staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G, a half note A, and a quarter note B. The second staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G, a half note A, and a quarter note B. The lyrics 'Guide me, O thou Great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim through this barren land.' are written below the staves.

I am weak, but thou art mighty ; Hold me with thy powr'ful hand.

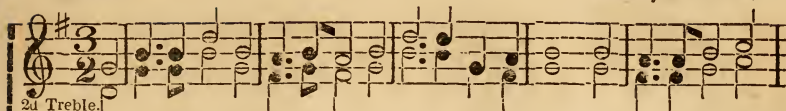
The second system of the musical score continues the melody from the first system. The top staff is labeled '1st Treble.' and the bottom staff is labeled '2d Treble.' Both staves are in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody for the first staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G, a half note A, and a quarter note B. The second staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G, a half note A, and a quarter note B. The lyrics 'I am weak, but thou art mighty ; Hold me with thy powr'ful hand.' are written below the staves.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountains  
Whence the living waters flow ;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through.
- 3 Feed me with the heavenly manna  
In this barren wilderness ;  
Be my sword, and shield, and banner ;  
Be the Lord my righteousness,
- 4 When I tread the verge of Jordon,  
Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

This world is all a fleeting show.

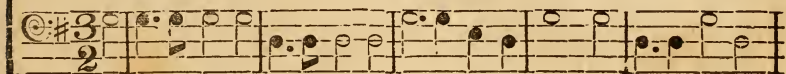
First Treble.

Words by T. MOORE.

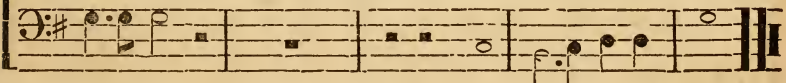


2d Treble.

1. This world is all a fleeting show, For man's illusion giv'n; The smiles of joy, the



tears of wo, Deceitful shine, deceitful flow, There's nothing true but heav'n.



2 And false the light on glory's plume,  
 As fading hues of ev'n;  
 And hope, and joy, and beauty's bloom,  
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb;  
 There's nothing true but heav'n.

3 Poor wand'ers of a stormy day,  
 From wave to wave were driv'n;  
 And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,  
 Serve but to light the troubled way;  
 There's nothing calm but heaven.

## HEAVEN, MY HOME.

First Treble.

*Andante.*

2d Treble.

An a - lien from God, and a stran - ger to grace, I

wander'd thr' earth, its gay plea - sures to trace, In the path -

way of sin I con - - tin - - ued to roam, Un - - mind - ful a -

las! that it led me from home, Home, home, sweet sweet home, O

Sa - - viour di - - rect me to hea - - ven my home.

## 2

The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade away,  
 They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;  
 But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,  
 Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
 The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

## 3

Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!  
 The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;  
 At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,  
 O there may I feast with his children at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
 O Jesus, conduct me to heaven my home!



## The Summer Evening.

First Treble.

The sum - mer eve - ning, Bright wreaths is

weav - ing Round vale and hill, Round vale and

hill, The dew - - - y flow - ers, Per - - fume the



bow - - ers, And all is still, And all

is still.

2

3

The moon shines brightly ;  
 The birds rest lightly.  
     Among the trees :  
 The reapers singing,  
 Are homeward bringing  
     Their yellow sheaves.

Now day is over—  
 The little rover  
     Must be at rest—  
 Till purple morning,  
 Awakes the dawning,  
     In glory drest.

I would not live always.

Andante. First Treble.

1st Treble.

I would not live al - - way: I ask not to

The first system of the musical score is for the first treble part. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. A fermata is placed over the C5 note. The lyrics 'I would not live al - - way: I ask not to' are written below the staff.

stay, Where storm af - - ter storm ri - - ses o'er the dark

The second system continues the melody. It starts with a half note D5, followed by quarter notes E5, F#5, and G5. A fermata is placed over the G5 note. The lyrics 'stay, Where storm af - - ter storm ri - - ses o'er the dark' are written below the staff.

way; The few lu - - rid morn - ings that dawn on

The third system continues the melody. It starts with a half note A5, followed by quarter notes B5, C6, and D6. A fermata is placed over the D6 note. The lyrics 'way; The few lu - - rid morn - ings that dawn on' are written below the staff.

us here, Are e - - nough for life's woes— full e-

nough for its cheer.

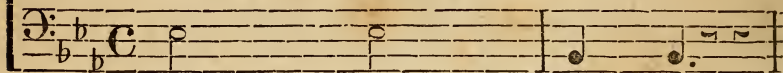
- 2 I would not live alway, no—welcome the tomb,  
 Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom;  
 There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,  
 'To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;  
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
 Where the rivers of pleasures flow o'er the bright plains,  
 And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns:
- 4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
 Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;  
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Why, ah! why my heart this sadness?

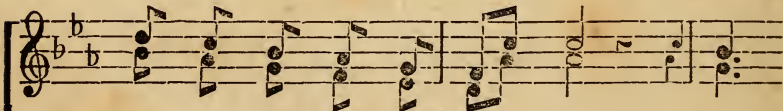
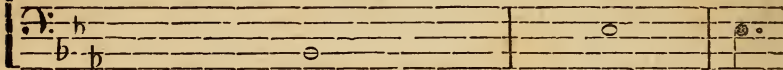
First Treble.



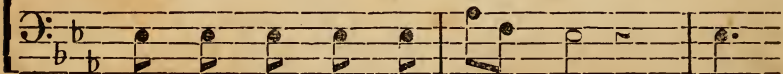
Why, ah! why my heart this sad - - ness?



Why 'mid scenes like these de - cline? Where all



though strange, is joy and glad - ness, Say,



what wish can yet be thine? - - - Oh

say what wish can yet be thine?

2 All that's dear to me is wanting,  
 Lone and cheerless here I roam;  
 The stranger's joys howe'er enchanting,  
 To me can never be like Home.  
 To me can never be like Home.

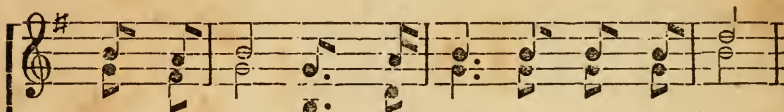
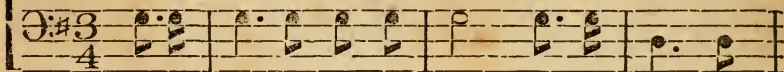
3 Give me those, I ask no other,  
 Those that bless the humble dome  
 Where dwell my Father and my Mother,  
 Give, oh! give me back my Home,  
 My own, my own dear native Home.

Child, amidst the Flowers at Play.

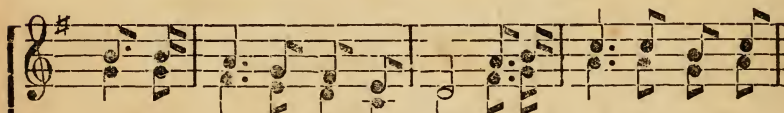
1st Treble.



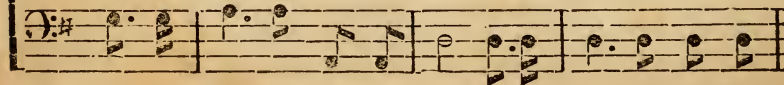
Child, a - midst the flowers at play, While the red light



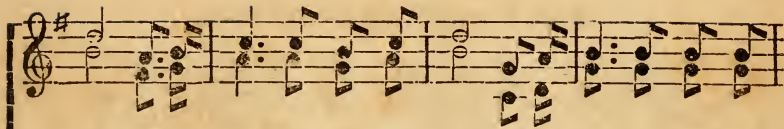
fades a - - way; Mo - - ther, with thine ear - - nest eye



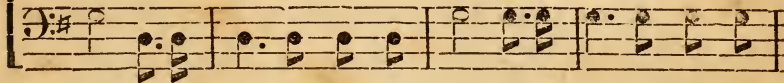
E - - ver following si - lent - - ly; Father by the breeze of







eve Call'd thy har - vest-work to leave; Pray!—ere yet the dark hours



be, Lift the heart and bend the knee!

2

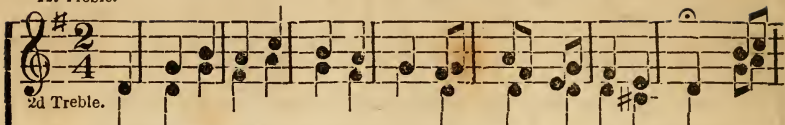
3

Traveller, in the stranger's land  
Far from thine own household hand;  
Mourner, haunted by the tone  
Of a voice from this world gone!  
Captive, in whose narrow cell  
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;  
Sailor, on the darkening sea—  
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won  
Breathless now at set of sun!  
Woman, o'er the lowly slain  
Weeping on his burial plain;  
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,  
Kindred by one holy tie,  
Heaven's first star alike ye see—  
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

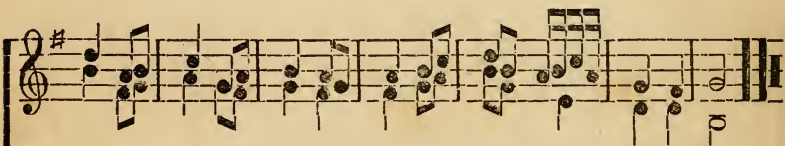
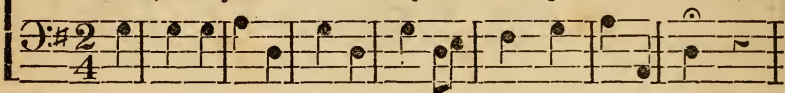
Come, let us join our cheerful Songs.

1st Treble.

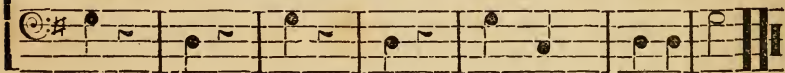


2d Treble.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs With an - gels round the throne; Ten



thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.



2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus!

Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,  
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Hono: and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give  
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.

## We meet for Evening Prayer.

1st Treble.

We meet for Evening prayer! Lord, give us life di-vine; Let every

tongue thy praise de - - clare And all our hearts be thine.

2

Hark! the sweet anthems rise  
 Where pagan altars stand;  
 The swelling chorus mounts the skies  
 From every pagan land.

3

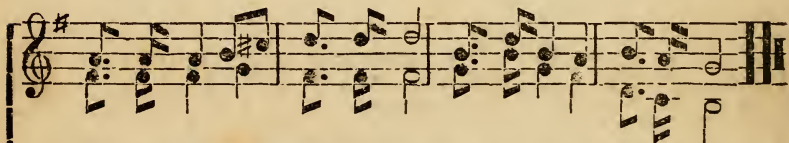
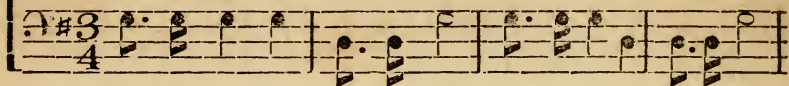
While glad hosannas ring  
 From desert, rock, and sea;  
 The heathen tribes their children bring,  
 And give them, Lord, to thee.

## Palms of Glory, raiment bright.

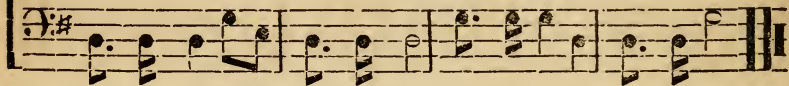
Allegro. First Treble.



Palms of glo - ry, rai - ment bright, Crowns that never fade away,



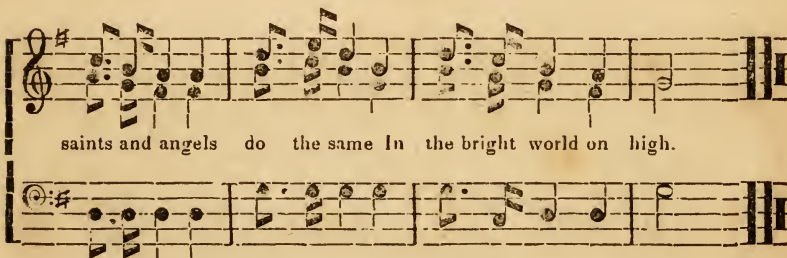
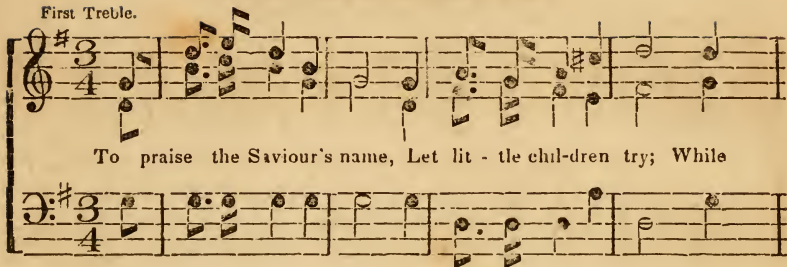
Gird and deck the saint in light, Priests and kings and conquerors they.



- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms  
To the Lamb amidst the throne,  
And proclaim in joyful psalms,  
Victory through his cross alone.
- 3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,  
Crying, as they strike the chords,  
"Take the kingdom—it is thine,  
King of kings, and Lord of lords!"
- 4 Round the altar, priests confess,  
If their robes are white as snow,  
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,  
And his blood that made them so.

To Praise the Saviour's Name.

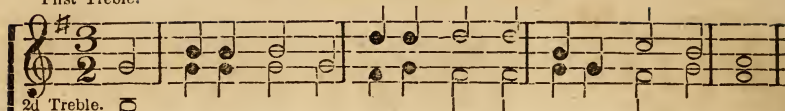
First Treble.



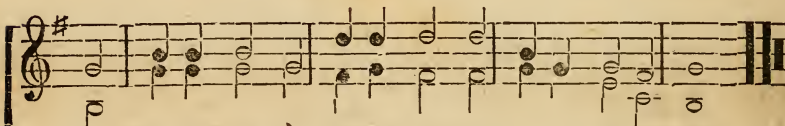
- 2 His love in heaven is sung,  
His name is there adored;  
And children here, however young,  
May learn to praise the Lord.
- 3 The wonders of that love  
No earthly tongue can tell,  
Which brought the Saviour from above,  
To save our souls from hell.
- 4 For us he wept and bled,  
And suffered all his pain;  
For us was numbered with the dead,  
And rose to life again.

If you will turn away from sin.

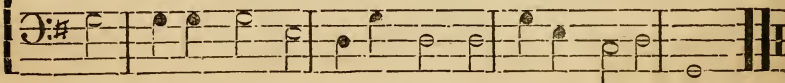
First Treble.



If you will turn a - way from sin In childhood's early day,



The Lord will make you pure within, And take your guilt a - way.



2 He'll show you all his matchless love,  
He'll make you heirs of light,  
And give you grace, that you may prove  
Still faithful in his sight.

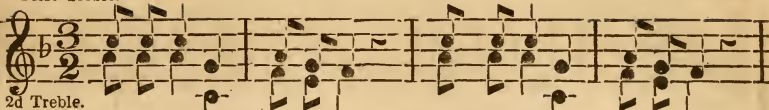
3 He'll lead you in the pleasant way  
Of holiness and peace;  
And guide you thus to endless day,  
Where sin and sorrow cease.

4 O stay not in the road to death,  
But to the Saviour come;  
And, when you lose life's fleeting breath,  
He'll send and take you home.

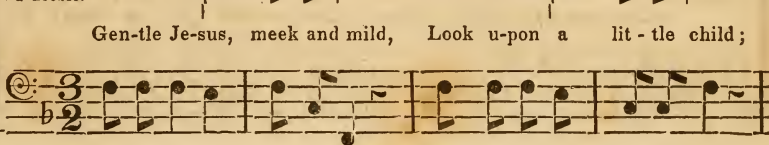


Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.

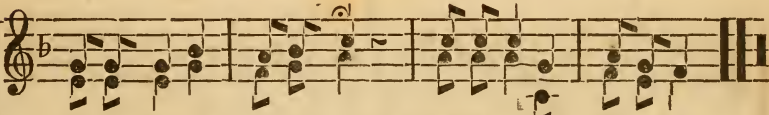
First Treble.



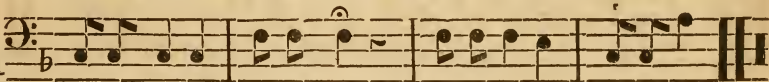
2d Treble.



Gen-tle Je-sus, meek and mild, Look u-pon a lit-tle child;



Pi-ty my sim-ple-ci-ty, Suf-fer me to come to thee.



2

Fain I would to thee be brought;  
 Gracious God, forbid it not:  
 In the kingdom of thy grace,  
 Give a little child a place.

3

O supply my every want,  
 Feed the young and tender plant;  
 Day and night my keeper be,  
 Every moment watch round me.

Come, sound his Praise abroad.

First Treble.

2d Treble.

Come sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je-

ho - vah is the sovereign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

2

He formed the deeps unknown  
He gave the seas their bound;  
The watery worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.

3

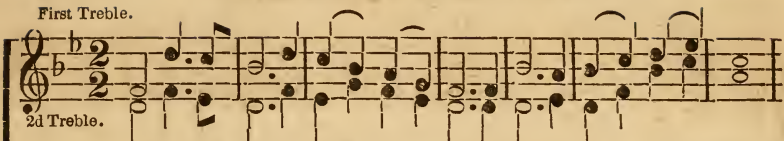
Come worship at his throne;  
Come bow before the Lord;  
We are his works and not our own;  
He formed us by his word.

4

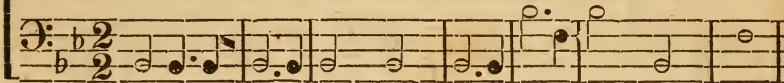
The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

O, in the Morn of Life, when Youth.

First Treble.



O, in the morn of life, when youth With vital ar - - dour glows,



And shines in all the fair - - est charms That beau - ty can dis-close.



2

4

Deep in thy soul, before its pow'rs  
And yet by vice enslaved,  
Be thy Creator's glorious name  
And character engraved:

Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,  
With vain regret deplore,  
And sadly muse on former joys,  
That now return no more.

3

5

Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud  
The sunshine of thy days;  
And cares and toils, in endless round,  
Encompassed all the ways:

True wisdom, early sought and gain'd  
In age will give thee rest:  
O then, improve the morn of life,  
To make its ev'ning blest!

When shall the Voice of Singing.

First Treble.

When shall the voice of sing-ing Flow joy - ful - ly a - - long? When

The first system of musical notation for the First Treble part. It consists of a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/2 time. The melody begins with a quarter note G, followed by a half note A, then a quarter note B, and a half note C. This is followed by a quarter rest, then a half note D, a quarter note E, and a half note F. The next measure contains a quarter note G, a half note A, and a quarter note B. The final measure of the system contains a quarter note C, a half note D, and a quarter note E.

hill and valley, ring - ing With one tri - umphant song, Pro-

The second system of musical notation for the First Treble part. It continues the melody from the first system. It begins with a quarter note F, a half note G, and a quarter note A. This is followed by a quarter note B, a half note C, and a quarter note D. The next measure contains a quarter note E, a half note F, and a quarter note G. The final measure of the system contains a quarter note A, a half note B, and a quarter note C.

claim the con - test en - ded, And Him who once was slain, A-

The third system of musical notation for the First Treble part. It continues the melody from the second system. It begins with a quarter note D, a half note E, and a quarter note F. This is followed by a quarter note G, a half note A, and a quarter note B. The next measure contains a quarter note C, a half note D, and a quarter note E. The final measure of the system contains a quarter note F, a half note G, and a quarter note A.

gain to earth de - scen - ded, In righ - teous - ness to reign? A-

gain to earth de - scen - ded, In righteousness to reign.

## 2

Then from the craggy mountains  
 The sacred shout shall fly;  
 And shady vales and fountains  
 Shall echo the reply.  
 High tower and lowly dwelling  
 Shall send the Chorus round,  
 All hallelujah swelling  
 In one eternal sound!

I hear the call—I will not stay.

SLOW.

1st Treble.

2d Treble.

I hear the call—I will not stay, But take my seat without delay; Should

o - thers loi-ter, I'll be there, Nor will I miss the time of pray'r.

2

When darkness shades the distant hill  
The little birds are hid and still;  
And I a quiet sleep may take,  
For my Creator is awake.

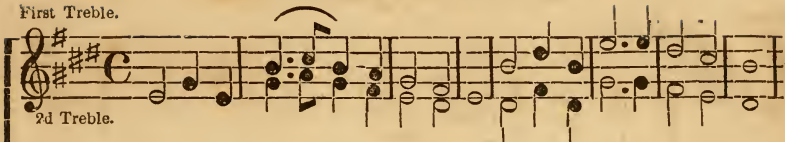
3

'Tis sweet to lie upon my bed,  
And think my Saviour guards my head;  
And he a helpless child can keep  
Throughout the silent hours of sleep.



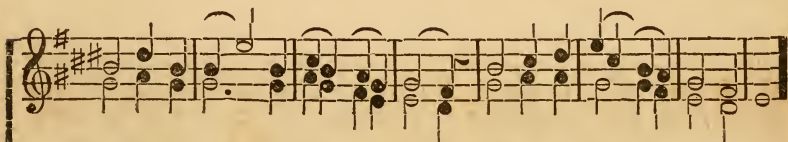
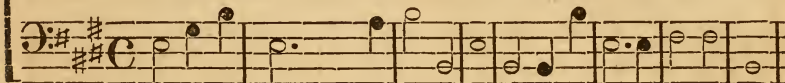
Awake, my Soul, and with the Sun.

First Treble.

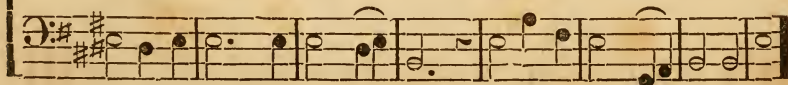


2d Treble.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy daily stage of duty run;



Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise, To pay the morn - ing sacrifice.



2 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept  
And hast refreshed me, while I slept;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.

3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,  
Scatter my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

In the cool and leafy Grove.

Allegro.

First Treble

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a vocal melody with lyrics underneath. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, labeled 'Ins.' (Instrumental). It contains a supporting bass line.

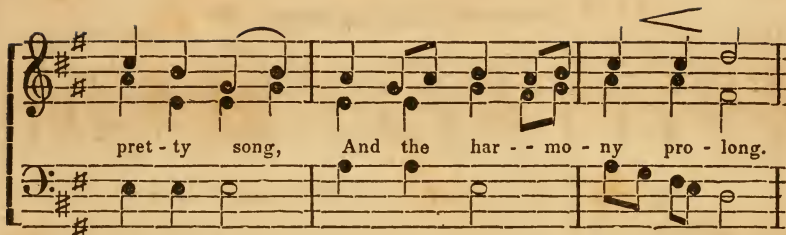
In the cool and lea - fy grove, Hand in hand we

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line in the top staff has lyrics underneath. The instrumental line in the bottom staff continues the bass accompaniment.

love to rove, While in eve - - ry sha - - dy tree,

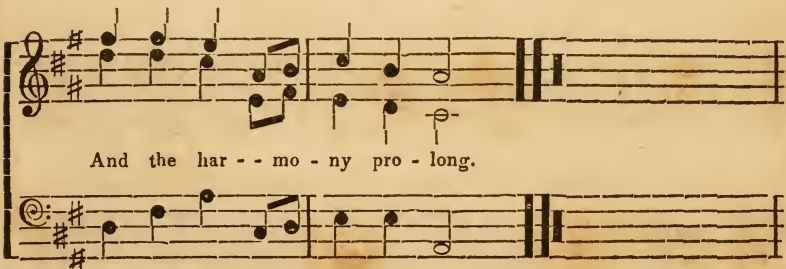
The third system concludes the musical piece. The vocal line in the top staff has lyrics underneath. The instrumental line in the bottom staff continues the bass accompaniment.

Birds tune up their me - lo - dy; Let us join their



Musical score for the first system. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the bass line is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: pret - ty song, And the har - - mo - ny pro - long. A fermata is placed over the final note of the melody.

pret - ty song, And the har - - mo - ny pro - long.



Musical score for the second system. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the bass line is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: And the har - - mo - ny pro - long. The system ends with a double bar line.

And the har - - mo - ny pro - long.

To-morrow, Lord, is thine.

First Treble.

STANDLY.

To-morrow, Lord, is thine, Lodged in thy sovereign hand; And if its

sun a - - rise, and shine, It shines by thy command.

2

The present moment flies  
 And bears our life away ;  
 O make us children truly wise,  
 That we may live to-day.

3

To Jesus we may fly,  
 Swift as the morning light ;  
 Lest life's bright beams at once should die,  
 In sudden endless night.

How beauteous are their feet.

1st Treble.

HAYDN.

How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill; Who

bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace re - - veal!

2

3

How charming is their voice:  
 How sweet their tidings are!  
 "Zion behold thy Saviour-King,  
 He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears  
 That hear this joyful sound,  
 Which kings and prophets waited for,  
 And sought, but never found.

4

The watchmen join their voice,  
 And tuneful notes employ;  
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
 And deserts learn the joy.

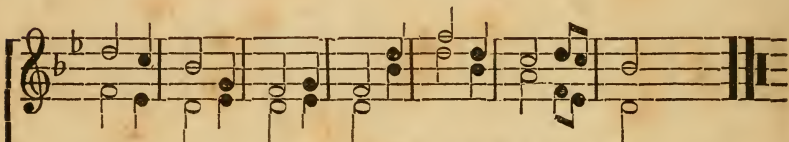
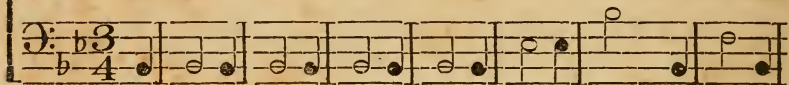
And now another Hour is past.

Arranged from SHAW.

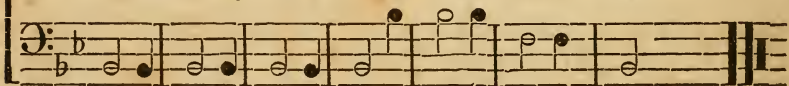
1st Treble.



And now an - o - ther hour is past, Of kind in-struc-tion given; And



this, perhaps, may be the last On this side hell or heaven.



2

And is it so? How dread the thought,  
And yet indeed how true!  
If I could feel it as I ought,  
'This day, what should I do?

3

O, surely prize it more and more,  
And pray that God would give  
A death of gain, if life be o'er,  
And blessing if I live.







Edmunds Dale

Oct 28 1891

